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Meeting Charles Kingsley

(By George Manville Fenn, in 'Youth's Companion.')

It was in 187--, when the bloodless battles of the British Autumn Manoeuvers were raging in Hamsphire and over the Surrey Hills, that I went from London to record for a daily paper the doings of the troops, and one day chanced to lose my way when ten miles or so from camp. It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when the last regiment had disappeared, leaving me in about the most wild portion of the country I had seen that autumn. I was upon a far-stretching common, with patches of great fir-trees on one hand, beyond which, with its many windows glittering in the sunshine, stood a great Jacobean mansion, but miles away; otherwise there was not a house to be seen—nothing but heath and gorse.

Not a pleasant position for a weary and hungry man who had started to overtake the troops after a very early breakfast, hurriedly snatched.

At such a time the sight of a roadside inn with its familiar sign, promising refreshment for man and beast, would have been heartily welcomed; but let alone inn, there was no roadside.

Thinking that I must come to a house at last, I started off, laughing to myself at the thought that anyone could be so thoroughly lost in little England.

Soon I saw in the distance the figures of a man and a boy, and stepped out to cut them off, for they were plodding over the rugged ground slowly in a direction at right angles to my own. They had, of course, seen me, the only other human being visible, and as I waved my hand I had the satisfaction of seeing them turn in my direction.

As I neared them, I could see that the man carried that familiar walking-staff known as a 'thistle-spud,' and I immediately said to myself 'farmer,' and began thinking of a snug kitchen, ham fried with eggs, and either tea or a mug of warm new milk—very pleasant thoughts for a half-starved man.

As I drew nearer still, I noted that my welcome friend wore dark tweeds, knickerbockers and black wide-awake hat, and I prefixed an adjective to my former word. 'Gentleman farmer.' I said, and after a few more paces, 'clergyman who farms his glebe.' For I had caught side of a white cravat.

In another minute I was speaking to a pleasant-looking, slightly built, rather delicate man, with a typical English face, one whom an observer would have mentally declared to be a London parson of broad views, with no finical nonsense about him—a thorough lover of outdoor life, perhaps seeking for the vigorous health that he did not seem to possess.

I addressed him at once, stating my position, and asking him if there was any inn near where I could get refreshments.

He laughed and said, with a peculiar, hesitating stammer, that there was nothing of the kind, only some laborers' cottages yonder.

'What house is that?' I asked.

'Bramshill,' he replied. 'Sir John Cope's, one of our finest old Jacobean mansions. Been following the troops, I suppose?'

I replied that I had, and incidentally added what my mission was.

'Oh!' he said. 'On the press? Well, so am I, in a sort of way. My boy and I have been watching the soldiers, too. Come with me; we are going home to lunch.'

I was glad to accept so kind an offer from one who announced himself a fellow member of the writing profession, and my new friend began at once to set me at my ease, and show me that he was glad to receive a stranger as a guest.

Of course my first natural question was as to whom I was indebted to for the hospitality.

'Oh,' he said, quietly, 'my name is Kingsley.'

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I was so taken aback, so staggered by the unexpected declaration, that I looked at him in blank surprise.

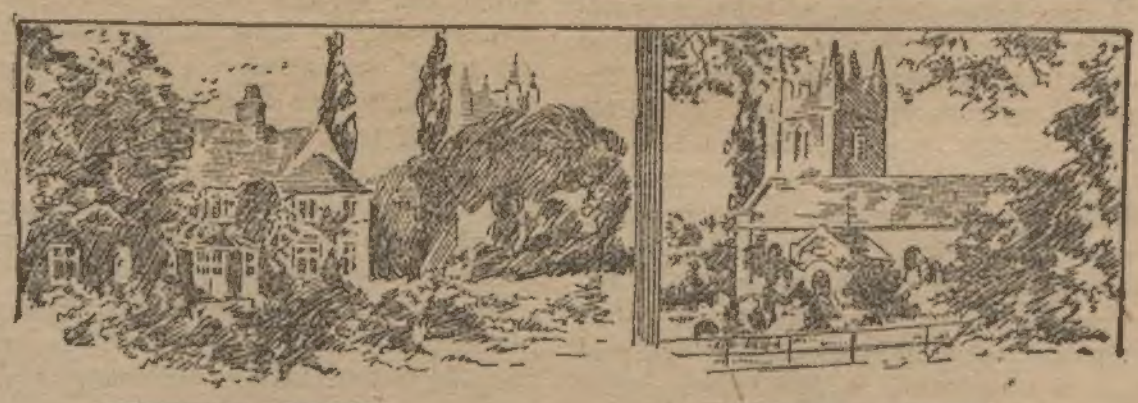
'Not Charles Kingsley?' I cried.

'Yes,' he replied, with a pleasant smile.

'Then this is Eversley,' I said, for in my utter ignorance, although I was perfectly aware of the fact that the Rev. Charles Kingsley was rector of Eversley, I had not the most remote idea in what county of England Eversley was situated.

'Yes,' he said, 'and there is the church yonder, behind those firs. My fir-trees, I call them. They are some of the finest I know.'

I glanced at the church and the great ruddy and gray trunks of the huge fir-trees, which ran up to a considerable height before branching out into quite flat wind-swept tops; but they took up little of my attention, the whole of my interest being in the quiet, pleasant-spoken man walking at my side. I thought of the hours I had passed in the bygone, pouring over his works and fixing his



EVERSLEY RECTORY. EVERSLEY CHURCH.

vigorously cut characters in my mind: 'Westward Ho!' with Amyas Leigh and Sir Richard Grenville; 'Two Years Ago' and the vivid description of the cholera plague at Clovelly; 'Hereward the Wake,' and the wilds of marshy Lincolnshire.

My musings were checked by our coming

suddenly upon the long, low rectory with its garden and flowers, the ideal home of a nature-loving country rector—just such a low-ceiled, Old-World house as a country dweller loves.

It was a pleasant close to an exciting day, with the lunch and introductions to Mrs. Kingsley and the two daughters, followed by chat about the manoeuvres, books and fishing. Sundry fly-rods on the wall indicated a love of trout, and one of heavier build told of pike, which I was informed, dwelt plentifully in waters on the Bramshill estate, where they were pursued in their reedy haunts by the rector's son.

The time passed all too swiftly, and after a while I tried hard to gratify a pleasant idea that the unexpected visit brought into my mind. For I was at that time editor of a popular magazine, the enterprising proprietors of which did not hesitate to pay liberally for novels written by our best authors. Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins and others had written for our pages novels of a goodly length.

No sooner was the idea formed than I put my project into words, asking my host to write our next story—such a tale as 'Westward Ho!' or 'Hereward the Wake;' but he shook his head.

'No,' he said, 'I shall write no more novels, for I have devoted myself to natural science. But come into the drawing-room.'

I followed him into the pleasant apartment, where Mrs. Kingsley and his daughters were seated at their needlework, and one, I remember, was writing.

He turned at once to his wife.

'My dear,' he said, 'Mr. Fenn has been asking me to write him a novel for his magazine. What do you think?'

She looked up at him, and then at me, smiling and shaking her head.

'I have told him so,' he said.

It was a business matter in which I was acting as the agent, and in my eagerness to obtain the work I ventured to say:

'If it is a question of terms, Mr. Kingsley, I am sure that the proprietors would satisfy you in that.'

'Oh, no,' he said, smiling and stammering a little more than before. 'It is not that. What I write now will be upon natural science.'

The end of the visit came all too soon, and as I had a long walk to the nearest station on the southwestern line, from which by a roundabout ride of many miles I could reach headquarters, I had to take my leave, my host accompanying me to put me well upon my way, but pausing, with a natural love of his district, to show me his church and point out from beneath their shade, the beauties of his great fir-trees, for which he seemed to have a special love.

He came far on the way, and then we parted. In my journey back, the whole scene of the past hours seemed to fix itself upon the tablets of my memory, for it was a red-letter day to me—this of my unexpected meeting with the man whose works, after those of Dickens, had impressed me the most deeply of any I had read.

It was hard, too, to think that the quiet, nervous, hesitating man from whom I had just parted was the eloquent chaplain who preached occasionally in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. But so it was.

When he once faced an audience on platform or in pulpit, Kingsley's nervous nature seemed to give him a greater vigor; the speaker grasped the pulpit rail firmly, he did not stammer, he was the fervid, eloquent preacher so well known.

It was a disappointment to me that he had written his last novel, but I was glad I had grasped his hands and spoken with the man.

Contradictions in the Bible

(R. A. Torrey, in 'Ram's Horn.')

I am constantly meeting men who say that the Bible is full of contradictions. When I ask them to show me one, they generally reply by saying, 'It is full of them.' When I press them to point out one of the many which they assert exist, usually they have no more to say. One afternoon in Chicago Mr. Moody called me and said, 'Here is one of your sort of men, (meaning sceptics), talk with him.'

I asked the man, 'Why are you a sceptic?'

He replied, 'Because the Bible is full of contradictions.'

'Will you please show me one?'

'It is full of them.'

'Well, if it is full of them you ought to be able to show me one. Please do.'

I handed him my Bible. He was greatly disconcerted and began fumbling with the leaves, saying it was somewhere in Psalms. Finding that he was searching for Psalms over in the New Testament, I offered to find Psalms for him. He did not seem to know much about the book of which he was so sceptical and about which he had been so dogmatic. Having found the book for him, he was now at a loss to tell in which Psalm the contradiction was to be found.

At last he said, 'If I had my own Bible here, I could find it.'

'Will you bring your own Bible to-night and show it to me,' I said.

He promised to do so, and we agreed upon a particular point in the church where we would meet at the close of the evening service, and he solemnly promised to be there. At the appointed time I was there, but my sceptic was not. Months passed by and one night one of the students called me and said, 'Here is a sceptic, I wish you would deal with him. He says the Bible is full of contradictions.'

I looked at him and could not keep from laughing, it was the same old sceptic. He saw I recognized him and said, 'You are the man who lied to me, are you not?'

He dropped his head and for once was an honest sceptic and answered, 'Yes, Sir.'

Most of those who tell you that the Bible is full of contradictions are in reality as utterly ignorant of what is in the Bible as this man, and if you ask them to show you one of these many contradictions, they are at their wit's end and look sheepish enough and you have then a good chance to show them that they are sinners and point them to Christ.

But once when I asked a man to point to one of the many contradictions he cited this: 'In John, i., 18, it says, "No man hath seen God at any time," but in Ex. xxiv., 10, it says of Moses and Aaron and Nahab and Abihu, and seventy others, "They saw the God of Israel."' Now, that certainly looks like a flat contradiction, and many besides sceptics have been puzzled by it. Indeed, one of the most devout men I ever knew, was so puzzled by it, that he left his business and came miles to ask me about it. But the solution to this apparently unanswerable difficulty is very simple.

We must remember, in the first place, that two statements which in terms flatly contradict one another may be absolutely true, because the terms are not used in the same sense in the two statements. For example, if any man should ask me if I ever saw the back of my head I would be obliged to answer, 'No, I never saw the back of my head.' And yet I could make the answer, 'Yes, I have seen the back of my head,' and it would be true; for more than once, when looking into a glass with another glass back of me I have seen the back of my head. It depends entirely upon what a man means when he asks me 'if I ever saw the back of my head,' what I shall answer him. If he means one thing I answer, 'No, I have never seen the back of my head,' and that is true. If he means another thing, I answer, 'Yes, I have seen the back of my head,' and that is perfectly true.

But some one may object, 'In the latter case you did not really see the back of your head, but a reflection of it in a mirror.' I reply, 'Neither do you see the back of any one else's head when you are looking right at it, but only a reflection of it, upon the retina of your eye. But every one knows what you mean, when you use language in this common sense, every day.'

Now, the case before us in the Bible is very like to this illustration. God, in his eternal essence, is 'invisible (unseeable)' (I. Ti. i., 17.), 'No man hath seen him, nor can see him' (I. Ti. vi., 16), 'He is Spirit not form' (John. 4, 3, 24.) So John tells us the profound and wondrous truth that 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.'

But this essentially invisible God has been pleased in his great grace to manifest himself again and again in bodily form. Such a manifestation of God (or theophany) Moses and the seventy elders saw in the Mount. Such a manifestation Israel saw in the temple. (Is. 6, 1.) Such a manifestation Job saw (Job xl., 5.). It was God that was manifested in their theophanies, and so it was God that they saw. We see then that both of these apparently flatly contradictory statements, that 'No man hath seen God at any time,' and that 'Moses (and the others) saw God,' are perfectly true.

Jesus Christ, himself, was the crowning manifestation of God. In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead in a bodily form. (Col. ii., 9.) So Jesus said to Philip, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' (John xiv., 9.) All other apparent contradictions in the Bible will also disappear if we study them earnestly.

The Difficult Life.

Fellow ministers, may I plead with you not to take the heroic element out of your societies? Of course, your societies will be what you wish them to be and what you make them. It has always been so. The genius of Christian Endeavor makes any other kind of society, as a rule, impossible. Alter the wording of the Christian Endeavor pledge if you see fit. Shorten it or lengthen it as you desire, but I beg you not to leave out the difficult element. You will take all the ring out of the metal if you do. The temper will depart from the steel. The blood of the Christian Endeavor Society will lose its iron.—The Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Dec. 8, Sun.—Everyone that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.

Dec. 9, Mon.—Whoso trusteth in the Lord happy is he.

Dec. 10, Tues.—He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Dec. 11, Wed.—A friend loveth at all times.

Dec. 12, Thur.—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Dec. 13, Fri.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.

Dec. 14, Sat.—At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Driver's Apology

(By David H. Talmadge, in 'The Wellspring.')

The driver was not a loquacious fellow. During the ride of twelve miles across the prairie he had confined himself to replies, short but not ill-natured, to the questions put by the traveller in whose service he was, and the traveller, who was a native of New England making his first visit to northwestern Iowa, had all but despaired of bringing him out. The driver puzzled the traveller somewhat, for there was that in his face which suggested good companionship. It was an honest face. The eyes, although small and rather deeply set, looked straight and unshiftingly into the eyes of him with whom he spoke. The mouth was a firm one, and the chin was square.

At last the traveller, after a long silence broken only by the grinding of the wheels in the soft earth and the clinking of the metals of the harness, delivered himself of a desperate question.

'Why is it,' he asked, 'that you do not like to talk?'

The driver smiled. 'I do like to talk,' he replied, frankly; 'but when I'm going over this road I'm reminded of things that crowd all else out of my mind. If we'd gone north from town, or east, or south,—land! I'd be talking like a cyclone; but going in this direction it's different. Somehow out here I'm not the same that I am anywhere else. It's a sort of homesickness, I guess, the kind of homesickness that makes a chap want to crawl into his shell.'

'You should have warned me of this,' said the traveller, in mock severity. 'I engaged you this morning because your appearance encouraged me to believe you one whose fellowship would be not only pleasurable but educational. I still think my choice was made in good judgment, but'—

'You're disappointed,' interrupted the driver. 'I'm sorry, and I'm willing to make amends if I can.'

'Then tell me,' said the traveller, snapping at the opportunity thus presented, 'why it is that you are so affected by the atmosphere in this quarter.'

'It isn't the atmosphere'—The driver looked keenly into the traveller's eyes, hesitating. 'Well, I will tell you. Perhaps you won't be able to understand it, but if not 'twill do no great harm. When I came to this country ten years ago with my wife and little girl, I took up a claim on this very spot. All this land that we're driving over was mine. I built a little house in that hollow yonder, and I built a big barn and put up a windmill. I intended to make it my home for life. The future looked brighter to me then than it did later.'

'Yes?' said the traveller, softly, for he thought he scented a tragedy. 'And then?'

'And then,' said the driver, flicking a fly from one of the horses with his whip, 'I—I gradually lost my hold on things. I had too much land. The taxes swallowed the profits. There were two or three wet seasons running, followed by bad winters. We got along until the third winter, and then we broke down.'

'Yes?' said the traveller again. The driver was gazing toward the spot where his home had been, and there was a suggestion of moisture in his eyes.

'The end came with a crash,' continued the driver, taking up the thread of the story after an interval. 'The cold was bitter that day, and the snow was deep. Our house was nearly buried. My wife had been sick in bed for weeks, owing to overwork and worry, I suppose, and I was barely able to drag myself round. It makes me groan even now when I think of the pain that was in my head and bones. But I had to keep up. A man can do almost anything when he has to, you know. Our little girl, eight years old,

SHE DIDN'T SEEM TO REALIZE WHAT SHE HAD DONE.

was well. If she had been sick I believe that all of us would have been in our graves long ago.'

'She did not worry,' said the traveller, putting stress upon the pronoun.

'No, she didn't worry. She went about the house, singing like a bird. She was mightily pleased at having the dishes to wash and the kitchen floor to sweep. I had to smile—couldn't help it—when I looked at her, bustling about with so much importance, and I tried to seem cheerful. But I couldn't forget that the supply of coal was nearly exhausted, and that the provisions were running low. Something told me, too, that I was on the verge of a bad sickness, and that wasn't exactly comforting. The thought of

what might happen if I were to get down in bed was enough to drive a man crazy. We were two miles from a neighbor, and at the end of the road. No one ever went by. The snow was so deep and the cold so severe that it was useless to think of sending the little girl for help.

'I was sitting by the fire that afternoon trying to get warm. I had had a chill for hours. All of a sudden I felt better. I was warm and strong again. It was the fever, but I didn't know it. I put on my coat and cap and mittens, calling to my wife that I was going to shovel a road to town. It seemed the simplest thing in the world to me at that moment. I went out, tossed one shovelful of snow from the doorway, and my head went dizzy. I fell down, struggled to my feet, staggered into the house, and knew no more for hours.

'When I recovered consciousness the house was dark, and the fire was only a handful of sparks. I was lying upon the floor. After a while I heard some one sobbing. I raised myself upon my elbow and called. The little girl came to me, throwing her arms about my neck. "Oh, Father," she cried, "I've been so lonesome! Why did you go to sleep on the floor and why did mother go to sleep so quick when she saw you lie down?" I knew then that my wife had fainted,—perhaps had died. But I had the wit to comfort the child. I told her that mother and father were tired. It was true enough, they were.

'It seems a horrible dream to me now. I couldn't get upon my feet. I couldn't crawl. When I tried to I had to give up. I told the child to bring me a blanket and a pillow, and I lay there trying in a poor, weak way to devise some means for our relief. We would freeze before morning, without any fire. My wife would surely die, if indeed she were not already gone; and the child—well, sir, I drew her close to me, her pretty eyes shining so bright and trusting in the darkness, and sobbed and sobbed.

'Then a wild idea came into my mind—it was the fever again. "Dot," I said—I always called her Dot except when she was bad, and then I called her by her name, Elizabeth—"get father the lantern from the nail by the door." She brought the lantern to me, and I took a match from my pocket and lighted it. "Now," said I, quite as if it were the most usual thing, "take the lantern, dear, and climb to the top of the windmill tower, and wave it. Perhaps some one will see it, and know that we are in trouble." "Are—are we in trouble, father?" she asked, a note of alarm in her voice. "Why, yes," I said; "a little, Dot,—just a little." And then I laughed.

'I remember that laugh. It is the last thing I do remember clearly. I couldn't get it stopped. I have a hazy remembrance of two frightened eyes staring at me, of the child's putting on her little jacket and her red hood, of the lantern bobbing across the room, and of the door closing. I laughed at it all; laughed and laughed.

'They told me about it days afterwards. I sat in a chair by my wife's bedside. The little girl, with her two hands bound in cloths, was upon my lap. Her hands had been frozen in climbing the windmill tower.'

'She did, then, what you in your delirium bade her do?' exclaimed the traveller. He was astounded, and inclined to incredulity.

'She did; but how she did it, tot that she was, I don't know. It is no small job for a man to climb a sixty-foot ladder in a high wind. I shudder when I think of her in the bitter cold, the lantern upon her arm, going up to that slight platform in the air,—I shudder to this day. She didn't seem to realize what she had done. In talking of it later, she said that her hands got cold, that was all. She simply wallowed through the snow to the windmill, climbed the ladder in the darkness, and waved the lantern. The neighbors saw it. They knew that something was wrong, and they came to us at once.

'We moved to the village as soon as possible after that. We have lived there ever since. I bought a livery stable and later a hotel. My daughter is in school at St. Paul. She will graduate at the head of her class this spring.'

'She remembers, of course, the night she waved the lantern?' said the traveller.

'Bless you, yes! but when we talk of it, as we do sometimes on winter nights, she laughs at the solemn faces of her mother and myself. She cannot understand why we feel so about it. But, I tell you, it makes me feel solemn when I think of it; and when I drive out this way, I sort of go back to the past and dream. I can't help it. That is my apology, sir, for seeming so unsociable.'

'It is accepted,' said the traveller, gravely.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

An Innovation.

(By Rose M. Wood-Allen, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Well, dear, did you have a nice time at the convention?' asked quiet Mrs. Sears of her daughter, who had just returned from the annual gathering of the Christian Endeavor forces of the State.

'Oh, mother, I had such a lovely time!' was Nan's enthusiastic reply. 'I don't know where to begin my story, there are so many things to tell;' and with this introduction she launched into a detailed account of her experiences, describing those speakers who had impressed her most forcibly, and repeating the thoughts that had appealed to her most strongly.

'But, after all, it wasn't the noted men nor the finest speeches that made the deepest impression on me,' she said near the close of the breakfast-hour. 'You know we had an hour for missionary conference, and we were supposed to be considering what we could do for missions. The speakers had spent the whole time telling us how difficult it was to arouse interest in missionary work in their societies, and I began to think that Milward was not peculiar in its lack of missionary spirit. So far as I could see, we could do nothing for missions so long as our societies were so unresponsive, and no one apparently had any help to offer. Every one of the speakers seemed to be revelling in the opportunity of pouring his or her woes into our ears, and I must say it began to get monotonous. Just then a funny little German got upon his feet. I had noticed him before, and had wondered how he happened to be at a Christian Endeavor convention.

'"Vell," he began, "I don't know. I shust don't know how to helps you your society to sthir oop." ' Nan always had been good at imitating dialect, and one had only to watch her expressive face to get a vivid picture of the person she was imitating. '"Dot vas von pig problem. But I dells you vat I have done already, and maybe some of you does it too yet again also. Vell, denn, I foundt oudt dot it gost shust t'irty tollars for one Bible-reader to lif a year in dot India. So I puts my money py; und, ven I gets t'irty dollars, I sends it dot missionary board to, und I hafs a Bible-reader in India vot is working for me. So now, you see, I vorks twenty-four hours efery day. I vorks twelf hours here; and, ven I goes to pedt already, my Bible-reader begins vorking again, and he vorks until I gets oop. I keeps dot oop efery year, for I tinks dot investment pays any more yet again. Vot you tink aboudt it, hey?" '

By the time Nan was through, the whole family was in a roar of laughter, her reproduction was so inimitably funny.

Nan joined in; but, when the laugh had subsided, she said, 'It did seem awfully funny at the time, but those last words stayed with me, and I've thought of them so many times since. Wouldn't it be just fine to feel that one was working twenty-four hours a day? That would suit you, wouldn't it, father?'

'Well, yes. I'd be glad to work twenty-four hours a day during the busy season,' said her father with a quiet smile. 'And I'd be glad to have a substitute working for me in India if I could only afford the money.'

Nan sighed. She knew, of course, that they could not afford the thirty dollars, and yet she had hoped that they might be able to manage it somehow. Mrs. Sears heard the sigh, and understood its significance. She sympathized with her daughter, and longed to find some way to overcome the apparently insurmountable obstacle.

One bright day she called Nan to her, and said, 'I believe I've found a way, dear, for us to get the needed money to support a Bible-reader in India.'

'Oh, motherie, you don't mean it!' with an indrawn sigh of delight. 'How?'

'I have talked it over with your father, and after some figuring we decided that as a family we spent about thirty dollars last year on Christmas presents. Now, if we will all agree to forego the pleasure both of receiving and giving gifts this year, the money thus saved could be sent to India for this purpose.'

'Oh, but, mother! That would be dreadful! Why, just fancy what people would think of us—and say of us! They'd think we were getting poorer than ever, and'—a little proudly—'you know that last year, even though father couldn't spare me much money, my presents to the girls were just as nice as any of theirs to me.'

'Yes, dear, I know it.' I understand how you feel. But couldn't you write each of your friends a little note assuring them of your affection for them, and telling them why you are not making gifts to any one this year?'

'Why,' slowly, 'I suppose I could. It would be hard; the girls probably wouldn't understand. But I'll do it, because I'd do almost anything to have a Bible-reader in India, and be able to work twenty-four hours a day.'

After some discussion the other members of the family agreed to the plan, although the two boys found it rather hard to contemplate a Christmas without the gifts on which they had counted for so many months.

'Maybe Aunt Elvira will send us the sled and the skates,' said Will confidentially to his older brother.

'Don't you fool yourself,' was the disconsolate reply. 'She never was a boy, and she don't know what boys want. But never mind! Maybe we can make the sled—and I'll lend you my skates.'

Aunt Elvira was their father's aunt who lived all alone in the great house her husband had left her, and seemed to have no de-

sire for company. She never asked any one of her numerous relatives to live with her, although she remembered them generously at Christmas time. She was the first of their many friends to make known her sentiments upon the subject of this new plan for celebrating Christmas.

After repeated efforts the letters had at last been composed and sent to the various friends, that they might understand the absence of gifts, and might relieve the family of the embarrassment of receiving gifts when none were to be returned. A few days after these letters were sent, a reply was received from Aunt Elvira, in which she stated in her abrupt way that, as her nephew's family had seen fit to dispense with the customary gifts, she would do the same as far as they were concerned. She was in hopes that the children would not miss the gifts she had intended to give, but would be satisfied with having a man in India to work for them.

The letter was read aloud at the dinner-table, and caused a variety of emotions in the breasts of the different members of the family. All was changed to surprise, however, when, on turning the page, Mr. Sears discovered the hitherto unnoticed postcript, 'I shall support a Bible-reader in India this year with the money I had planned to spend for your family.'

'Another Bible-reader for India!' exclaimed Nan.

'Well, at this rate India will soon be Christianized,' said Hal with a laugh, and the first feelings of selfish regret were changed into generous enjoyment of India's good fortune.

The girls of the town found it rather difficult to understand Nan's 'new freak,' as they termed it. They discussed the subject a good deal among themselves; and, although Nan had always been a great favorite, their remarks concerning this new phase of her character were not always complimentary.

'She needn't be afraid that I'm going to shower Christmas presents upon her when she isn't going to give me a thing,' said Belle Perry; and such seemed to be the general conclusion. There were a few who rightly interpreted Nan's letters, and the time came when the others changed their point of view and gave Nan the credit that was her due.

Christmas morning brought a great surprise to the Sears family. They were gathered in the sitting-room watching the father write the letter that was to carry the precious thirty dollars to the missionary board. It was so important a letter that every one wanted to have a share in its composition. In the midst of their busy talk there came a knock at the door, and a letter was handed to Mr. Sears. The family, waiting while he read it, were amazed to see tears glisten in his eyes.

'What is it, father?' cried Nan.

'Read it out loud,' was his reply as he handed her the letter. So she read:—

'Mr. Harrison Sears,

'Respected Friend,—It has been our desire to show to you our appreciation of the kindly interest you have always taken in the welfare of those in your employ.

'Your generous remembrance of us at Christmas time in the past has touched our hearts, but not so deeply as your friendly personal letters to us received last night. Please accept the enclosed cheque for thirty dollars as a token of our esteem. We feel sure you cannot refuse to accept this money to be used in supporting another Bible-reader in India.'

'Oh, I say,' broke in Hal before any one else had time to speak; 'three Bible-readers for India is too much of a good thing. Why not send one of them to China?' Hal's suggestion met with the approval of all, and a second letter was written to accompany the second thirty-dollar draft.

Mr. Sears had asked in his letters that they might be informed in what part of their respective countries the two Bible-readers would be stationed. A reply soon came from the missionary board, giving them the desired information, and calling their attention to an article on India in the last issue of their missionary paper. The Sears family had never before subscribed for the missionary magazine, but now they felt a necessity for its monthly visits. From this time on, every issue was eagerly scanned for news of India and China. But references were made to so many places of which they were ignorant that Nan began to hunt for books on these lands. Several interesting volumes describing these countries and the work done there were found in the library of their minister, who had been a missionary enthusiast in his younger days, but had gradually lost his enthusiasm in the stress of daily work.

It was not strange, therefore, that, when the missionary committee of the Christian Endeavor Society decided to consider India at their next missionary meeting, Nan Sears should be asked to conduct it. The missionary meetings of the young people's society had long been its worst bugbear. They were dull, dragging, absolutely without interest. The members seemed to consider their duty done if a few verses pertaining more or less directly to the subject of missions were read and commented upon, and a few old standard missionary hymns sung.

It seemed a rather bold thing, but Nan decided upon an innovation. She would tell them what she had learned about India. Fortunately for her, a week before the meeting a letter came from the board giving them some news of their worker in the foreign field. This letter she carried to the meeting, and the interest of all was apparent when, after a clear and vivid description of India, its custom, religions, and needs, Nan read of the work being done by their Bible-reader. The personal element was in itself enough to make the subject real and present, instead of vague and abstract as formerly.

The meeting was a great success, and the missionary committee was encouraged to make a greater effort than ever before to render their meetings interesting. Hal was asked to lead the next monthly meeting, and he talked upon China. Then the minister was applied to for assistance, and, calling to mind the studies of his earlier days, he planned for them a course of study which carried them over the whole missionary field. Different members were selected to read the books furnished by the pastor and to report at the appointed meetings.

The number of subscribers to the missionary papers increased steadily, and, in a year Milward had advanced from a village knowing absolutely nothing about the subject of missions to one whose inhabitants were interested in that topic, and as well informed upon it as on subjects pertaining more directly to their every-day lives.

So the leaven spread. It was not long before other families began to consider the possibility of supporting Bible-readers in foreign lands. From considering the possibility it was not far to assuming the burden, and each new worker supported meant added interest in the subject of missions. It was not surprising, therefore, that within five years' time not only were a large number of Bible-readers supported by the people of Milward, but five of its young people stood pledged to go to the foreign field.

The Capital of the Corner Store.

(By Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring.')

There is a capital better than money at the disposal of every intelligent young man and young woman. Courtesy is that fund, and it has carried many a business house through a severe financial crisis when apparently 'solid men' have failed.

Several years ago a young man, who had managed by much self-denial to lay by something like two hundred dollars, opened a small shoe store in one of our eastern cities. Men who had been in business there for years saw only failure staring him in the face. They said that his stock was too small to attract customers, and that he needed ten times his capital to carry on a successful business. Little did they dream of the rich fund behind the young storekeeper.

Business, it is true, was dull during the first few days, and not a customer passed his threshold the first week. But one morning the spell was broken. A gentleman bought a pair of shoestrings. There was not much profit in the sale, perhaps two or three cents, but the young storekeeper was just as painstaking as if he were selling an expensive pair of shoes, and despite the remonstrances of the gentleman, he insisted upon putting in the laces himself.

The customer did not forget the little courtesy. He mentioned the occurrence to his partner in business, saying that the young man deserved encouragement. Within a week they both purchased footwear at the new store. They found him more polite and anxious to serve them than many of the clerks at the large stores, and they spoke a good word for him from time to time, especially as they found the goods satisfactory.

One by one customers increased. The news began to circulate freely that the 'Corner Store,' as it was called, was the place to go for reliable goods and obliging attendance. After a time some of the old storekeepers noted the fact that certain former customers were dropping off. They also noted that the 'Corner Store' was doing a thriving business. It was all a mystery. Heretofore they had imagined that an imposing display of goods was the best possible advertisement, yet here was a store of the smallest pretensions that was constantly absorbing some of their best trade.

A money panic soon after swept thousands of business houses off their feet. Some of the wealthiest firms kept their heads above water with difficulty. Did the 'Corner Store' fail? No. There was a fund behind the little store which no storm could touch. It was courtesy that had transformed failure into success.

Young man and young woman, whatever career you have marked out for yourself, make true politeness a corner-stone. Recollect that each kindly act performed and each gracious word spoken adds to the store which no disaster can bankrupt, and upon which the interest is enormous.

From Receipt of Subscription
To January 1st, 1903.

'Daily Witness'	$3.00
'Weekly Witness'	1.00
'World Wide'	.75
'Northern Messenger'	.30

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers.
Montreal.

Ernestine's World.

(By Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Forward.')

Hat and veil were on—a very becoming hat and veil the mirror said—and with jacket at hand to don at the last minute, Ernestine was ready to begin her journey. While she waited for the carriage she stepped out on the balcony and, with hands resting on the low railing, looked off at the world she was going forth to conquer. A sturdy little figure came round the corner of the house—a tangle of yellow curls showed under the torn hat-rim pushed back from the flushed young face, and a pair of small hands, decidedly muddy, carried a hoe.

'It seems to me that you are a very dirty boy, Tommy,' remarked Ernestine, judicially.

A pair of brown eyes flashed up in aggrieved wonder at her want of discernment.

''Course. I've been making garden,' explained the child. 'I'm goin' to plant 'tatoes and lots of things for mommer. She hasn't anybody but me to take care of her now; she said so. I'm goin' to do things for her like father.'

He marched proudly on with his implement of industry, and the faint smile with which the girl had watched him faded from her face. It was true that Mrs. Barclay had no one to take care of her now; nor had any of them since Ernestine's father died. But for that she might not be going out to make her own way in the world—certainly not as she was going now, the daughter reflected. Still she was young and strong, she had always looked upon teaching as her vocation, and she had no fear concerning her success. She was free to go where she chose, and the outlook was not unpleasant. It was, of course, different with Mrs. Barclay, but Ernestine gave scant thought in that direction. She had indeed always given scant thought to her father's second wife, after the first days when she had been so distressed by the announcement of his marriage. She had been with an aunt at the time, where much of her childhood had been passed since her mother's death, and her views on the subject were colored by that worthy relative's lamentations.

'The idea of Doctor Barclay marrying again after getting along alone for five years! I suppose it's been lonely for the poor man with no place that could really be called a home, for Ernestine hasn't been old enough to take charge of anything, and, anyway, she's been with me more than half the time. But to marry a widow with two little children! What could he have been thinking of? Two children to provide for! Men do the strangest things!'

But the doctor did not concern himself with explanations. He had chosen for himself; the old house blossomed into a cheerful home again, and if in the depths of his loving heart there was a sore pain of disappointment that his young daughter did not become an integral part of it, he hid that as he had hidden many another wound, and made the best of what he had. The children were his joy, Ernestine acknowledged that, when she was at home—which was much oftener than of old, partly because it was a more inviting place and partly because of the removal of her aunt to a distant State—but she always viewed the relationship rather wonderingly, and not as anything in which she had much personal interest. She appreciated the improved conditions, was dutifully polite and kind to the stepmother who made no demands on her in any way, and she grew accustomed to the little ones' affection for her father, and to hearing them call him by the name he had taught them. She had lost all regret at the new alliance; she was glad to have her father happy, but she viewed his family much as she did his practice—as a necessary and vital part of his life, but scarcely a part of her own.

He had kept his little household in comfort, but the busy, useful life was brief. There had been but four years of the new home, and then he was away where no need of theirs could reach him more. Ernestine had been home for weeks, ready to assist where she could, willing to advise when her advice was asked, but quietly laying her own plans for her own future, as one quite apart from any arrangements here. Her school days were over, and though her father had not left her wealth he had given her an education that would enable her to provide for herself, she reflected gratefully. Her stepmother aided her in packing her belongings, acquiescing in her plans so far as she knew them—if that can be called acquiescence where one has no voice in the matter—but sometimes the girl found the sad, gray eyes watching her wistfully. It occurred to her now, as Tommy trudged out of sight, that she really knew very little of what Mrs. Barclay purposed doing, or of how she could care for the children with 'father away.'

The sound of carriage wheels and the call of the driver dispelled her thoughts. She hastily donned her wrap and gloves and ran downstairs to find Mrs. Barclay and little Mabel waiting in the hall.

'Good-by, good-by! Tommy isn't here? Bid the little rogue good-by for me,' she said.

'I hope you'll always feel that this is home, Ernestine—to come back to—always while we are here,' said the little woman earnestly, yet half timidly, as if not quite sure of her ground. 'I wish—good-by, dear.'

Whatever the wish was it remained unspoken. Ernestine ran down the steps, the carriage door slammed, and she was away. It was a drive through the entire town, from the doctor's residence in the suburbs to the station, and when the familiar maples at the gate had faded from view, the young traveller leaned back against the cushions and allowed her thoughts to run dreamily forward. So absorbed did she grow, that she noticed nothing round her until she was startled by a quick shout from the driver, a sharp cry of fright or pain, and the sudden stopping of the horses. The cabman sprang down from his seat, and she saw people running from various directions toward them.

'What is it?' she asked, trying vainly to open the door that shut her in. 'What has happened?'

There was no answer, but she saw a group of excited people in the road, those in the centre bending over someone. Not until a helpless form had been lifted and borne across the street did the cabman turn toward his vehicle or notice that his passenger was imprisoned. He pulled open the door then, his face white and his hand trembling.

'It's a child, miss; we run over him. It wasn't my fault, he dodged into the road right in front of us to get out of the way of a street car—but I'm afraid he's awful bad hurt; I hadn't time to turn the horses; I couldn't help it, but—oh! I'd give anything if it hadn't happened. They've carried him into that office across there.'

Ernestine was on the ground before he was done speaking, and following the crowd which an accident always collects so quickly.

'Let the young lady pass; she was in the carriage,' said someone with a swift recognition of her right as one of the principals in the tragedy that had befallen. 'Let her go in.'

They made way for her, but as she entered the room one who knew her face exclaimed: 'Doctor Barclay's daughter! Why it's her little brother!'

Whose brother? The palefaced girl glanced about her in momentary bewilderment. Then, as those about the hastily-improvised couch moved aside for her, she saw that it was Tommy who lay there—Tommy, with marble cheeks, closed eyes, and bright curls stained with blood.

'Her own little brother!' said someone in pitying whisper again.

She had never called him by that name, even in thought, but the words were repeated like an iterant echo in her brain while she answered questions that were asked her and gave directions for his removal to his home.

'He is not dead; it is impossible to tell yet how badly he is injured,' repeated the surgeon, who had been summoned, trying to give her courage. 'We will take him home in a few moments. You would better go first and tell his mother.'

It was the one necessary thing to be done, Ernestine knew, and she obeyed, but a vision of that mother's face rose before her and appealed to her then as it had never done before. How could she add to the grief in the sad eyes.

The carriage that had brought her was waiting for her still, and the troubled driver tried to explain the accident.

'He was drawin' a little waggon with pertaters in it—had just bought 'em at the grocery, they said—and I reckon he seen the car and hurried across the track without seein' our team.'

The splintered waggon and scattered potatoes still lay in the dusty road, mute witnesses of the brave little heart's determination to 'take care of mommer.' Ernestine dared not look at them.

'Go quickly,' she said, as the carriage turned homeward.

She never knew exactly how she carried her sorrowful tidings or helped to make ready for the piteous little burden that was tenderly borne to them a half hour later. But all that night, as she shared the mother's watch beside the sufferer, the words she had heard kept repeating themselves in her thought, 'Little brother—her own little brother.' Were there then no binding ties but those of blood? How her father had loved this child, caring for him as his own, and calling him always 'My little son'! The very accents of the dear voice came back to her in those silent hours of watching, and memory and conscience grew strangely alert. She recalled times when he had tried to interest her in his plans for the children, and the hurt look in his eyes when she had lightly turned the subject. Was it not so that he had always cared for her—bearing even his loneliness when he thought she could be happier elsewhere, but quick to share every joy or pain that touched her life? She remembered, as though it had been but yesterday, one day when she had been telling him something of the history of one who had been kind to her at school, and had interrupted herself with an apology for troubling him about strangers. His reply had been swift and tender: 'Could anybody be dear to my girlie without my counting her my friend, too?' That had been his loving loyalty always, but she had not returned it in kind.

She glanced from the mother, sitting with bowed head in the dimly-lighted room, to the bruised little form upon the bed—both so loved by him, missing him so sorely now—

how could she ever have thought they were nothing to her?

'Children are queer creatures!' remarked the physician, with a wonderful lightening of tone after a careful examination of his patient the next morning.

"Here's this young man been knocked up in a way that would have killed a grown person, and there's not a single broken bone discoverable except that one in the leg, and there is no evidence yet of the internal injuries I feared. Give him a little time and I think he will pull through all right.'

Time was nothing. The two watchers looked at each other with tears of thankfulness in their eyes. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, the tall girl bent her head and kissed the little woman's cheek.

'I am so glad—mother!' she said.

It needed only that to set the long-repressed tears flowing. The tired head dropped on the girlish shoulder.

'Oh, Ernestine, it's all been so hard! I've been so lonely, and I thought'—

'Yes, I know,' interposed the strong, caressing young voice, 'but we'll never think it any more, either of us.'

Up in her own room again—the room she had left so confidently only yesterday to conquer her place in the world, Ernestine unpacked her trunk, and as she shook out her dresses and hung them away she mentally rearranged her plans.

'I must write to Mr. Lloyd that he need not trouble himself about securing a school for me; I will use my own influence instead and secure one here in Glenvale, where I've more than once been told I could have one,' she decided in her prompt, energetic fashion. 'I meant to make friends and help people anyway, and my opportunity seems to be very much at hand. I think I'll choose my world nearer home, and have a real home and "folks" in it, too.'

So the little invalid had two nurses who petted and spoiled him to their hearts' content, and he throve and recovered as marvellously as only a small boy can. One day, when games and stories had wearied him until he was ready to sleep, there seemed to flash upon him the suggestion that much of this attention must presently cease, and he asked:

'When are you going away, Ernie?'

'I'm not going, dear. Sister means to stay at home with you.'

The brown eyes studied her thoughtfully for a moment. 'Well,' he said, with a long sigh of relief as his head turned on its pillow. 'Then you'll help take care of mommer, and it don't matter so much that those 'tatoes didn't get planted after all.'

A Child's Hymn.

Father, I am but a child,
Yet I would adore Thee.
Saviour, tender, meek and mild,
None I love before Thee.
Holy Spirit, from Thy throne
Lead Thou me, Thy little one.

All my joys to Thee I bring,
All my sighs and sighing,
All the little songs I sing,
All the work I'm trying.
Father, Saviour, Spirit, own
Even now Thy little one.

I would give my life to Thee,
With its fond hopes glowing,
All the good Thou givest me,
Love for ever flowing.
Father, Spirit, Lord, look down,
Bless, oh, bless Thy little one.

—'Our Little Dots.'

Man's Dreams.

A TRUE STORY

(Edith Prince Snowdon, in 'The People's Paper.')

Nan stood just outside the servants' entrance to The Place. She was darning one of the laird's socks, and as she darned she dreamed dreams.

Hers had been a peaceful life. Ever since the age of seven, she had lived at The Place, and had been the darling of the housekeeper, her dead mother's sister, and a general pet in the household. The Laird had, in the generosity of his heart, taken charge of the orphan child on the untimely death of her parents, and promised to look after the five hundred pounds, the accumulated savings, left in trust for the child. Nan joined the young ladies in some of their simpler studies, and their kind governess taught her to make small garments for those poorer than herself. This was the seed which took root in the childish heart, growing with her growth, until the time of perfect fruition should arrive.

At the age of eighteen, Nan was appointed sewing and mending maid to the family. It was an easy post, and many an hour she spent reading or studying in the housekeeper's room, or in the small garden adjoining.

'Can you recommend me a trustworthy superior girl as nurse to my boy of three?' wrote Lady Muir.

The laird and his wife recommended Nan. They were simple-minded people, and felt she would be better amid new surroundings, and that perhaps the quiet ease of their home had engendered impossible hopes. But once out in the world, free to follow the dictates of her own wishes, Nan's dreams took a deeper meaning. She decided to save every penny possible to add to the five hundred pounds which had accumulated since her childhood, and later to go out to India as a missionary.

It would not be a life of roses. She was ignorant in many ways, understanding nothing of the difficulties to be surmounted, the trials to be borne,; but she would, she resolved, bear anything, everything, death even, if need be.

The years passed by swiftly. Another and another child was born at the castle. Nan's heart expanded amid her loving surroundings, the little clinging hands bound her with a chain stronger even than her desire for India. But by-and-by the links began to break; first one boy, then another, went away to school; the girls were promoted to the schoolroom and a lady's maid—Nan's arms were empty. Then the voices which had grown silent made themselves heard once more. There were other children needing her, women in the Zenana who would gladly welcome her. Her resolution was taken, she started for London, entered Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and left honored and respected by all.

Lady Muir and the laird shortly obtained her a post with a mutual friend of their own, starting for India, and the first part of Nan's dream seemed realized, as she found herself on board the P. and O. steamer, but scarcely had they landed in India when her young mistress took fever and died, and Nan suddenly found herself bereft of her only friend in this strange new world.

Nothing daunted, she made her way unaided to the wife of the Viceroy, noted for her large-mindedness and unfailing interest in all native manners and customs. Presenting her credentials, she was accepted by this good lady as a valuable aid, and, finally, after many failures and disappointments, gained admission to the Zenana. Here her skill was so appreciated that every moment of her time was speedily employed, and ever as she went about she let fall some word of hope or love, and strove to sow some seed of truth in the ignorant hearts around her.

As time passed new branches of work sprang from the old. Her ideas had expanded, experience had educated her. Single-handed, her best efforts must perforce be limited. She therefore determined to build and endow a small Bible school in each new place she visited, choosing an efficient teacher and thus leaving a memorial to God of her humble efforts in his service.

At last, white-haired and weary, she felt that her life's work was accomplished. It had been blessed beyond her wildest hopes. The little seed sown in the schoolroom of The Place had grown into a gracious tree, spreading its branches over many an Indian village, where once a year there is a special day of thanksgiving in memory of the kindly thought and noble heart that began the work.

It was a fair day in June when Nan reached The Place. The blue sky, the waving trees, the flowers, the singing birds, all Nature indeed seemed in unison to welcome the returned pilgrim.

'My journey is done,' she said a few weeks later to one of her 'boys,' now a man with children of his own. 'All my dreams have been fulfilled. I have striven to remember the words your father taught me as a child in this very room:—

"God and His work here,
God and my rest hereafter."'

In a corner of God's acre, where the roses blow and trees wave gently in the wind, stands a simple cross with Nan's name and the words: 'She hath done what she could.'

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Nov. 23, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Morley—'Saturday Review,' London.
A Winter's Walk in Canada—Part II.—By Arnold Haultain, in 'Nineteenth Century,' London.
The Prairie Lands of England—By a Scottish Farmer, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Commercial Future of England—By the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, in 'Manchester Guardian.'
The New Irish Movement—A Conversation—'The Academy,' London.
An Appreciation of Li Hung Chang—By Archibald R. Colquhoun, author of 'The "Overland" to China,' in 'Morning Post,' London.
Discoveries at Pompeii—Rodolfo Lanciani, in 'The Athenæum.'
Redvers Buller, The Man—'M. A. P.,' London.
A Plain Man's Politics—Part I.—By William Archer, in 'Monthly Review,' London. Slightly abridged.
Two Speakers—'The Academy,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Commonwealth of Art—An Art School Competition at Tokio—By George Lynch, in the 'Magazine of Art,' London.
Tintoretto at Venice—London 'Times.'
Death of Kate Greenaway—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Bayreuth Business—'Musical Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Death of Colonel Benson—By Algernon Charles Swinburne, in 'Saturday Review,' London.
A Song of the Settlement—By H. H. Bashford, in 'The 'Spectator,' London
'The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson'—Reviews from 'The Outlook,' 'The Academy,' 'The Speaker' and 'Punch,' London.
The Old Quest—Reviews from 'The Academy' and 'The Pilot,' London.
'The Gentleness that makes Great'—Extract from sermon by Horace Bushnell.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Temporary Stars—'The Edinburgh Review.'

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Edna's Idea.

(By Alice D. Baukhage, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

Edna stood at the window leaning her forehead against the pane, and kicking the wainscoting with the toe of one rebellious foot. The cool glass had smoothed out the frown between her eyebrows, but the corners of her mouth were drawn down giving an expression to her face that made one feel sure that there should have been a frown there. Mrs. Bradley, sewing at another window, seemed not to notice her little daughter's ill-natured mood.

'I don't like living out west,' said Edna at last.

'Don't you, dear?' replied her mother. 'That is too bad. Papa and I like it very much, and even if we didn't it would seem best to stay here a while. Why don't you like it?'

'Oh, there are lots of reasons,' said Edna crossly. 'I don't like this little house, and I don't like the woods, and I don't like not having any snow in winter, and the man who was here yesterday said they didn't have Christmas in Washington, and when I asked him why, he said, how could they without any snow or ice or Santa Claus?'

Mrs. Bradley smiled. 'The house is little, to be sure,' she said, 'but it is large enough to hold a dear papa and mamma and a little girl who is usually a contented and happy little daughter. And though you may miss the pleasures that snow and ice bring, think what the poor Indians, who live about here, would do if the beach where they pitch their tents was covered with snow and the streams where they fish for almost their only food were frozen over. And as to Christmas, I guess Mr. Frazer must have been thinking of the Indians when he said there was no Christmas.'

Edna was silent for a while, searching for another grievance.

'Well,' she said, 'anyhow I won't have any tree this year, and every other year I had one at Grandma's with Ned and Clara. I suppose grandma will have one for them just the same, without me,' and with this thought the frown squeezed itself in between the window and Edna's forehead again.

'There are plenty of Christmas trees here,' said Mrs. Bradley, looking out of the window toward the great dark woods, and then, as a thought came to her, she added, 'For seven years Grandma Bradley trimmed a tree for you, and I remember that on Christmas morning no one seemed happier than she. I wonder why?'

Edna stopped kicking the wainscoting to think. Yes, she remembered, too, that Grandma's face always shone with smiles and sunshine, she must surely have been very happy.'

Just then there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Bradley went to open it. An Indian woman stood there with a little girl. The child's aching face was badly swollen, and she held an old scarf against the aching tooth, but her bright eyes showed no signs of tears. The woman asked for some medicine, and while Mrs. Bradley went to get it the visitors sat down by the kitchen stove. Edna watching them from the other room saw the girl drop the cloth from her face and catch her mother's hand, muttering some queer, short words. She was looking toward the corner where Viola, Edna's doll, sat in her little chair, her eyes sparkled, and in spite of the swollen cheek, she managed to smile broadly at Edna, who had come to the door. Mrs. Bradley appeared just then with the medicine and a bundle of flannel, and when she had tied up the poor aching face, the mother and child went away.

That night an idea came to Edna as she lay in her little bed watching the fire die down in the fireplace, and when she finally went to sleep, it was to dream of grandma's smiling face and the little Indian's dancing eyes and of a Christmas tree in Washington.

In the morning she told her plan

WAITING FOR FATHER.

All among the flowers and grass,
Sits and waits our little lass.

Waiting for her father dear,
Thinking he will soon be here.

And how nice it is to run
Home with him when work is done.

Then, when he has had his tea,
He will take her on his knee,

Hear the new piece she can say.
Tell her what he's done all day.

to her mother, and that afternoon they went together to the Indian camp. The camp consisted of two small tents raised on the wet beach sand. In the centre of each a big log smouldered, some of the smoke passing out of the opening in the tent roof, but most of it filling the small spaces between the ten or twelve men, women and children who crowded about the fire. The woman they had seen the day before came to meet them and to her mamma explained as well as she could that on Christmas morning she would come and give them something nice. The poor squaw did not know what Christmas morning meant, but she knew that Mrs. Bradley was her friend, so she readily agreed to let the children go. When asked how many children there were, she held up both hands, saying, 'one, two, many.'

The next week was a busy one for mamma, and for Edna so busy that she forgot to be lonely or discontented, and never once remembered Mr. Frazer's discouraging words. Papa, too, was pressed into service, and made an extra trip to town to bring back such things as mamma's skilful fingers could not fashion.

Christmas morning papa, mamma and Edna hurried to the edge of the woods carrying bags and bundles with them. A little hemlock tree had been selected, and the underbrush cleared from beneath it. On this they hung the endless strings of popcorn, the bags of candy, the little dolls, the woolly dogs and the cooky men they had prepared for the ten little children, then over all they scattered sparkling cotton snow, and while mamma went to get the children, papa and Edna arranged the candles ready for lighting. Before long Edna, who had been stationed at the edge of the woods, saw mamma approaching accompanied by not only the ten little Indians, but by their parents as well. She gave the signal to papa to light up, and when the procession entered the dark woods, it was confronted by as dazzling a Christmas tree as ever grew.

It would be useless to try to describe the amazement and joy of those little savages at the sight, and still more useless to attempt to tell of their rapture when each one was allowed to step up and pick whatever he choose from the wonderful hemlock. But Edna at least understood something of how they felt when she reached home and found another tree planted in the middle of the sitting room, and hung with just the things she would have wished for if she had thought to wish at all.

And so, though there was sunshine and green grass and even flowers instead of snow on the ground, and though she was so far from Ned and Clara, this was the happiest Christmas Edna had ever known, and all because (papa said) she had, in remembering ten little Indians, forgotten her own little self.

Talking Bird.

Flo had a friend named Nannie, who lived with her father in a little house not far from Grandpa Jenks's, where Flo and Harry were staying.

Nannie was her father's little housekeeper and with them boarded a bird, a gray parrot, whose name was Tatters.

Tatters's mistress had gone away on a visit. Every week she sent Nannie a bright silver 50-cent piece to pay for Tatters's board. As Nannie's father was not a rich man, she was glad to earn the money.

But although Nannie took good care of her little charge, he was often very cross and would sit on his perch and mope for hours at a time, unless someone teased him, and then he would scream out in a shrill voice: 'Save me! Nannie! Here!'

But one day when Tatters had been scolding away and Nannie had been trying to coax him into a better mood, a strange thing happened. The room suddenly became filled with smoke? Nannie rushed into an adjoining room to see what the matter was and then she knew that the house was on fire.

Faithful Nannie's first thought was of her boarder. Before taking anything of her own she must save the parrot.

But the smoke blinded and choked her. Nobody heard her cry; that is, nobody but Tatters. Something must be done! In a flutter he poked his head out of the window and screamed with all his might: 'Save me! Nannie! Here!'

Then as if a sudden inspiration had come to him, he called louder yet: 'Fire! Fire!'

His alarm rang through the streets and brought a crowd of people to the scene. A brave man darted into the house, sprang up the stairs, found Nannie lying senseless on the floor, and carried her out of the burning building. Meantime Tatters, having played the hero, had hopped out on the window to make his own escape. but alas the clipped wings failed him; he could not get away.

Frantic with fright he stood swaying to and fro on the window ledge, shrieking: 'Save me! Nannie! Here!'

The well-known call roused Nannie from the stupor in which she had fallen. 'I must get the parrot,' she said, starting to her feet; 'I promised to take good care of him, I promised.'

'Stop!' ordered a fireman. 'I will rescue the parrot.'

Seizing a ladder he put it up to the window, mounted it, caught poor Tatters and brought him to the grateful little girl.

When Tatters's mistress heard what a brave girl Nannie had been, she said to Nannie's father: 'I have a little house in which you may live rent free, for a year. I owe this to Nannie, who has proved herself a girl to be trusted. But she must not again risk her life—no, not for a hundred Tatters!'

'Well, if I saved his life he also saved mine,' said Nannie, 'and I cannot now bear to think of him as merely a boarder.'

'You shall have him for your own,' said Tatters's mistress.

So Tatters is now a permanent member of Nannie's family.—Mary Catherine Crowley, in 'Christian Uplook.'

Be Kind.

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind:
God commands us to be kind;—
Kind not only to our friends,
They on whom our care depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
They who poverty endure;
But, in spite of form or feature,
Kind to every living creature;
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing:
For remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,
Is the work of that great Hand
That hath formed the sea and land.
Therefore, children, bear in mind,
Ever, ever to be kind.
—'Early Days.'

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 15.

The Passover

Exodus xii., 1-17. Memory verses 12-14. Read Chapters xii and xiii.

Golden Text.

'Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.'—I. Cor. v., 7.

Lesson Text.

(3) Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house: (4) And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take 'it' according to the number of souls: every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb. (5) Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year: ye shall take 'it' out from the sheep, or from the goats: (6) And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month: and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening. (7) And they shall take of the blood and strike 'it' on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it. (8) And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread; and with bitter herbs they shall eat it. (9) Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire his head with his legs, and with the purtenance thereof. (10) And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; and that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire. (11) And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's passover. (12) For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment: I am the Lord. (13) And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt. (14) And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever.

Suggestions.

'The thought of bringing the people up out of the land of Egypt by means of slaying a lamb was probably a new one to Moses. Certainly it was not of his devising. Left to himself, there was no reason why he should not have supposed that it would have been enough for God to have slain all the firstborn, without putting the children of Israel in peril. Why should not God separate between them and the Egyptians, as he did in the case of the previous plagues?

'God did, indeed, tell Moses that he and the Egyptians should see that "the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel." But he did not tell him at that time that the difference was one that stood in the fact that Israel should be protected by the blood of the lamb that was sprinkled over them. And this truly is the main difference between saved and unsaved people. It is not that there is by nature any difference; nor practically is there any difference in the quality of the good works done by believers and unbelievers. "For," saith the Scripture, "there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." The Israelites were as bad as the Egyptians, perhaps worse, seeing that with them there was the knowledge of God, as he had been known to Jacob their father and to Joseph their elder brother. The only difference, therefore, was a difference which the Lord put between them. That difference was that Israel was under the blood, and Egypt was not.

'As we come into the clear light of the New Testament, we learn, in the face of Christ, that the Redemption Lamb was not only of God's appointment, but also of his providing. This sets forth the grace of God to us sinners most wonderfully. Why should he accept any redemption at all? Why should he not let us perish altogether from his presence and the glory of his power, as he has done with the angels who kept not their first estate? Surely, having sinned, we had no claim upon him, even as these Israelites had no claim upon him. But more than this, is it not amazing grace that he not only has thoughts and purposes of grace for us, but that he himself provides, in so wonderful a way, a Lamb—and such a Lamb! for our redemption? For when there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, his eye pitied us, and his arm brought us salvation (Isa. lix., 16; lxiii., 5). "Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year." (Ex. xii., 5.) Why the lamb should be without spot or blemish is most apparent. (I. Pet. i., 18-20). If it was to be a type of Christ, as we have seen it to be, then it must be a spotless lamb. Christ was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. (Heb. vii., 26). It must needs have been so. If he is to redeem sinners he himself must be without sin. And that this might be more manifest: before he was slain, his human nature was subject to every temptation that has beset man. He did not offer himself up as an untried or improved substitute. For God sent him forth into the world, born of a woman indeed, without the taint of Adam's sin on him, but with Adam's nature in him; and in that nature he was put under the law, and driven into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, that he might be proved able as well as willing to undertake for us.

'"The lamb must be slain," (Ex. xii. 6). It is not enough to choose out a lamb: the lamb must be slain. This introduces us into the very centre of the mystery of our redemption. It is not the teaching Christ, or the miracle-working Christ, or the holy and faithful Son of God, living out a loyal human life before God as an example to and for us, that saves us; or stands between us and the avenging judgment of God upon sin: but it is the death of Christ, the slain Lamb.

'"The blood must be sprinkled in God's sight." (Ex. xii., 7). In this passage we have a most important truth: the striking of the blood on the outside of the house, and not on the inside. It is also to be observed that this blood was not an offering to Pharaoh. The offering of Jesus Christ is not made to the devil. Satan has no rights in us, or over us. His power is a usurped power, and it is broken, not by blood, but by the power of God. Neither is the offering of blood made to sinners. It is for them, but not to them. But the offering was made directly to God. When the high-priest in later times made atonement for the sins of the people, he bore the blood into the most Holy Place, and there sprinkled it on the Mercy Seat under the eye of God alone. Jesus, at once our High-Priest and our Sacrifice, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the Holy Place, having obtained eternal redemption for us; having through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God. (Heb. ix., 11-12-14.)

'It was not enough that the Hebrews had the blood sprinkled on the door-posts of their houses. They must take refuge under that blood. For we are assured that danger and death awaited anyone who went out of their houses till the morning. (Ex. xii., 22.) Now it would not have availed to save any of the firstborn of the children of the Israelites, even though the blood were shed and duly sprinkled on the door-posts, if they had not passed under it into their houses. So it is of no avail to sinners that Christ has been slain on the cross, and his blood presented to God as a sufficient atonement for sin, if sinners do not avail themselves of it by a cordial and hearty acceptance of God's mercy built and established thereon.

'The ground of peace (verse 13)—notice here, in the first place, that they had the sure word and promise of God, that, having taken refuge under the blood, he would pass over them. So we have the Word of God, that, having fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope of eternal life in Christ Jesus, we shall never be confounded. (Heb. vi., 17-20). The blood was the ground of safety; the word was the guaranteeing promise.'—From 'Out of Egypt,' by Dr. Pentecost.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Dec. 15.—Topic.—Imperialism of Christianity.—Dan. ii., 44-45.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCRIPTURES.

Mon., Dec. 9.—What temperance is.—Rom. xiii., 14.

Tues., Dec. 10.—Intemperance brings woe.—Isa. xxviii., 1.

Wed., Dec. 11.—Causes loss of friends.—1 Cor. v., 11.

Thu., Dec. 12.—Overcomes judgment.—Isa. xxviii., 7.

Fri., Dec. 13.—Liquor destroys nations.—Prov. xxxi., 4-5.

Sat., Dec. 14.—Drunkenness punished.—Matt. xxiv., 46-51.

Sun., Dec. 15.—Topic.—What the Bible teaches about temperance.—Prov. xx., 1.

Power of Example.

(From an Address by the Rev. Dr. Crawford Johnston at the inauguration of the Twentieth Century Temperance Crusade.)

The Greeks were in the habit every year of making their slaves drunk and exposing them thus in the arena of an amphitheatre, to warn their children by the disgusting spectacle. As the wounds of Caesar pleaded more eloquently than the words of Antony, so the degradation, the misery, the shame of the drunkard pleaded with most convincing eloquence, and warned men of the ruin that lurked in every berry of the vine. Whilst the example of the drunkard was a beacon to warn, the example of the moderate was like the false light on the Cornish coast, which often lured to wreck and ruin. Take the case of a young man whose grandfather perhaps had lived very quietly, and all his life had taken strong drink in moderation. His grandson had just come to a place like Belfast, where he was surrounded by temptation. He began to drink, and they went to warn him, but he replied—'Look at my grandfather; he drank all his lifetime, and never became a victim to drunkenness, and I can do so too.' But look at the difference between the two men. The old man was very modest in his appetite—his appetite was strong. The old man had a stalwart will—his will was flaccid, vacillating, weak. The old man led a quiet, rustic life—the young man lived in the midst of gin palaces, theatres, and low casinoes. The old man had a cool head—the young man was made of quicksilver, restless, excitable, active. The old man was careful of his money—the young man was generous to a fault. The difference between grandfather and grandson was enormous—but the youth forgot this, and in trying to copy the dear old man passed down to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's doom. The example, alas! of his grandfather had proved a snare and a curse. At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia a Christian minister spoke in favor of wine as a drink, and after he sat down an old man, having asked permission to say a few words, said:—'A young friend of mine who had long been intemperate was at length prevailed upon to take the pledge of total abstinence. He faithfully kept the pledge until one evening at a social party wine was handed round. A clergyman present took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. This young man immediately said, "If it is right for a clergyman to take wine, it cannot be wrong for me," and he took a glass. It revived the slumbering appetite, and he died of delirium tremens.' After a moment's pause the old man added, 'That young man was my son; and that clergyman was the gentleman who has now addressed you.' He maintained, therefore, that since the example of a drunkard was a beacon to warn, and the example of a mod-

erate drinker a snare to entrap, that, therefore, strange as it seemed, the example of the moderate drinker was more perilous than that of the drunkard.

A Railway Regulation.

'The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use or the frequenting of places where they are sold is sufficient cause for their dismissal. The use of tobacco by employees when on duty in or about passenger stations or on passenger cars is prohibited.'

The above is part of the printed rules and regulations of a vast system of railway which employs far more men than can be found in the standing army of the United States. The wording of these rules is significant not because it prohibits the use of liquor by employees when on duty, for there is now scarcely a railway system in the world where such is not the rule, but now a further step is taken, two of them in fact. Employees who frequent saloons even when off duty and for mere social enjoyment are liable to discharge and, second, tobacco whose virtues are praised even by many men of the church, is placed now under the ban by railway officials who require steady brains and unruffled nerves in men who operate their trains. In view of these facts how obsolete is the whining complaint of the apologists for the army canteen, who say that men must have their liquor. Is there need for clearer brains or steadier nerve in railway service than on the nation's battle line? Has the war department less power to enforce rules and regulations than has a business concern like that of a railway corporation?—'Ram's Horn.'

A Hopeless Task.

Not long ago, in reading some works on medicine and surgery, I marked the passages in which drink is mentioned as cause of illness, or as an agent whose influence on the system renders recovery from disease or injury less hopeful, and when my task was finished the books were dull with many pencillings. It were a hopeless task to attempt to set down here the hundreds of ways in which alcohol works woe in the world, wreaking blind vengeance on gray hairs, on the prime of life, on the young—aye, even on the babe unborn.

When you have stood by an hospital bedside and watched the doctor and students discuss the chances for life of the poor sufferer, who eyes them eagerly the while, have heard their hopes, and seen them die from every face as the patient admits in a low voice of shame that he has drunk much, you will know something of the part which alcohol plays in the drama of life—you will know him for the villain he is, doing dark deeds to slow music of his own making, the music of stifled sobbings, of agonizing prayers, of hopeless crying. And you will feel, perchance, that to plead the 'one brief moment' is to voice as empty a phrase as ever fell from human lips or pen:—'Cor. League Journal.'

Smoking by Boys.

Cigarette-smoking by boys is sternly frowned down by the headquarters of the public schools, as Arthur Mee shows in an article on 'The Boy Smoker at School,' in 'The Sunday School Chronicle.' The headmaster of Perse Grammar School, Cambridge, 'entirely condemns all smoking on the part of boys,' believing that the habit 'has a very bad effect on a boy's mental development.'

Mr. F. W. Rogers, M.A., headmaster of King Edward VI. School, Chelmsford, declares that 'a boy smoker is certainly a worse student than the ordinary boy, and is here always known or suspected from being at the bottom of the class or form.' The boy who smokes, according to this master's experience, is equally 'dull, dense, and generally stupid and indolent.' The headmaster of Portsmouth Grammar School says that 'in nine cases out of ten the unsatisfactory boy is a smoker,' and at Marlborough College the authorities absolutely prohibit it. Dr. McClure, of Mill-hill School, says, 'If I knew a boy here to be a smoker he would either cease smoking or leave school.'—'Christian World.'

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Correspondence

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and I have two cats and a canary. I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday, and I like it very much. My mother reads it to me. I like the nice stories and pictures you put in for the little folks. REGGIE T. B.

Rideau View, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandmother, and every year, in the holiday season, I go down to visit my parents, sisters, and brothers who live three miles out of the city of Ottawa. Last year while visiting them there was a picnic, not far away from our home, which we were all invited to. The day appointed for the picnic was a pleasant one which we were all pleased to see. In the afternoon when dressed, we started to walk to the grove where the picnic was to be held. After a brief talking, and walking around we were all called to choose a queen, at last we chose a certain girl, and we all played merrily at all sort of games. But the time soon slipped by, and we found, to our dismay, it was time to start for home. When we reached home it was half past eight, and, I suppose, we all went to bed that night and dreamt of some future jolly time. My birthday is on Oct. 1.

BELLA B. (Aged 11.)

Woodbridge.

Dear Editor,— A few weeks ago I saw a piece in the 'Messenger,' about a Sunday-school in Tara, that had adopted a famine orphan, and I thought I would write and tell about our Sunday-scrool. We live in Woodbridge, but go to Pine Grove Congregational Church and Sunday-school. The Sunday-school had a picnic last summer and Mr. Andrews, who is a missionary from India, came to talk to the children and told us about the famine and he showed us some idols, which they worship. He said that fifteen dollars would keep an orphan for a year. So we decided that we would adopt one. When he got back to India he said he would send the photo and tell us the name. Mr. Andrews did not go back to India till August, so we have not had time to hear from him yet. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' and I think we would miss it very much. I may write again when we hear from Mr. Andrews, and to India, too, for we must correspond with our Indian school mate. One of our Sunday-school girls has gone to live with her father in the North-West Territories, and the Sunday-school is sending her the 'Northern Messenger' to remember us by. ETHEL J.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Baptist Sunday-school. My papa is the superintendent. I am in the infant class. We get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school. We like it very much. I have only one pet; it is a pussy cat; it had a little kitten and we gave it away to my friend, James Tomlison. The mother pussy goes to see it every night. My brother has a black pup; his name is Max; he has one white spot under his neck. We went to the country in the holidays. It was 68 miles from Toronto. The name of the place is Canton. We were visiting my Uncle Tom. He has four horses and a colt, called Freddie. We liked the country very much. There was a creek near by and we paddled in the water and made a raft and we floated down the creek on it. We found pretty shells and tried to fish and dig for clams, and went in to swim. We had a nice picnic on the lawn. Papa came to take us home. We were sorry to leave the farm.

HARRY B. (Aged 7.)

Acton.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school. I enjoy reading the letters from the girls and boys. I have two sisters and no brothers. We had our cousins from the United States this summer and we had a good time. I go to school and I am in the second department; there are five departments in the school. My teacher's name is Miss Currie and I like her very much. BESSIE A. C. (Aged 8.)

Atlanta, N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to you. I still like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I am eight years old; my birthday is Sept. 8. I am reading in the fourth reader, I study geography, health reader and practical speller. I have eight dolls and a doggie that runs on wheels, I call it 'Puggy.' I have one old cat and five kittens. I have one sister and one brother. My brother is going to a business college, in Halifax, this winter. I like to read the Correspondence in the 'Northern Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school and Baptist Church. My teacher is Miss Alice Rand, the Sunday-school lessons are about Joseph; I like them very much. SUSIE F. T. B.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Hospitality.

('Christian Work.')

Real hospitality, the beautiful, genuine thing, not that which would falsely claim its name, not that which demands according to the old phrase, 'A cutter for a cutter,' but that which gracefully, heartily gives oftentimes without a thought of return, such hospitality is indeed rare. To many persons this grace has become synonymous with expensive entertaining. But the pleasures of hospitality may be enjoyed, and often are enjoyed to the full by those whose means are moderate. There are parents who thoroughly appreciate what an education it is both to themselves and to their children to widen their relationship and to bring into their homes friends of varied tastes, and accomplishments, and experiences, and such parents will be hospitable even when their means are limited. They believe fully that the choice guest gives much more than he receives, and that there is nothing more agreeable for the household than to enjoy a new atmosphere of personal quality and experience, and coming in contact with new interests which are the essence of culture.

Then, too, the guests who are first met around the paternal board often become the best friends and as often prove of the greatest advantage to one or more of the family in subsequent years. This last might seem selfish if it were the motive in extending invitations, but that, of course, is not often the case.

Two contrasting homes we have in mind as we write. In one riches abounded, but the habit of the life was against hospitality. As one entered the hall the servant unlocked the closed door into the parlor, and ushered us into a room immaculately clean, with well polished mahogany furniture, with cold, clean, marble-topped tables, with lace curtains which do not dare move from their exact folds and hanging. The environment chilled one directly. Yet the host and hostess were kindly, generous to many and really thought themselves hospitable if, during each year, besides the entertaining of relatives, they should ask the pastor and his wife to supper.

The other home was most simple and inexpensive, but tasteful, inviting, hospitable. One felt at home on entering. A plant here and there, pretty, simple, draperies, tables tastefully covered, furniture placed without stiffness, lamps giving a soft and pleasant light, all this, and the ease of the hostess, her charm and dignity as she asked her guests to her simple meal with as much self-poise of manner as if the table were laden with the most costly viands, were beautiful. And who that has known that home does not recall the delightful conversation about that board; the wit, and repartee; the telling stories, the experience of artists and travellers and scholars which have made even the memories of those visits delightful. With extremely limited means that mother would not deprive herself or her children of the delights of hospitality.

The frequent entertaining of guests soon makes it easy, especially when they are allowed to come without overtaxing the mother, or giving evidence that the entire family have been disturbed as if by a foreign invasion. Besides all that the family may receive from the acquaintanceship of desirable people, their coming cultivates ease and grace, and graciousness of manner in the children, it affords a school for learning the delightful art of conversation, and enkindles a desire for more extended knowledge. Naturally the tone of conversation is raised and diverted from household and personal matters to more interesting themes, but with the forced change of spirit the burdens and trials are not only temporarily forgotten, but oftentimes really lightened. Dr. Lyman Abbott well says: 'The true home does not confine its benediction to itself. It is a hospitable home. Its doors fly open to the stranger; it is a true missionary home; love shines through its windows on the wayfarers as well, and the door that opens to the father and son opens to others also.

'One need not be rich to have a hospitable home. He may have nothing but a tent; he may be so poor that he goes out of it and sits under the tree for shade; and still he may be a hospitable householder and the home may entertain God's angels unawares. For to be hospitable, as Fuller says, we give not according to the one whom we are entertaining, but according to ourselves. We are inhospitable when we ask others to share the life we have not—when we try to create some impossible life which is not ours that we may give it to them as ours.'

What the hospitality of even a few homes has done for homeless young men and women, particularly in our large cities, can scarcely be estimated. Having the entre and being made welcome in such homes has given new courage and cheer to many a lonely, disheartened, hard-working artist, or student, or employee; has not only afforded them their chief hours of happiness, but has also strengthened their self-respect, cultivated their manners, and often conduced to make more firm their morals. Surely hospitality, whether exercised by those having large means, or those in moderate circumstances, or even by those who are poor, and have little to offer in the way of a tempting table, is a grace which is a benediction to all who cultivate it, and to all who enjoy it. It is a simple virtue, easy to cultivate. It costs little, but it pays large dividends.

Selected Recipes.

Potato Lemon Pudding.—Three ounces of potatoes, the peel of two large lemons, two ounces of white sugar, two ounces of butter. Boil the lemon peel until tender, and beat it in a mortar with the sugar; boil the potatoes and peel them; mix all together with a little milk and two eggs; beat it slightly.

Orange Custard for Cakes.—The rind and juice of one orange, one small cup of powdered sugar, a small piece of butter, one egg, one-half cup of cold water, one tablespoonful of flour. Cook until of the consistency of soft custard.

A Delicious Corn Soup—Use for every canful of corn one and one-half pints of milk, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one level teaspoonful of salt, one-sixth of a teaspoonful of pepper, and one tablespoonful of minced onion. Mash the corn as fine as possible, and then put it into the double boiler. Put the milk—except one gill, which you will reserve for blending the flour—with the corn, and cook for a quarter of an hour. Cook the onion in the butter for about ten minutes, stirring frequently and taking care that it does not burn, and add it to the corn and milk. Mix the cold milk which you reserved with the flour, and when it is well blended and perfectly smooth stir into the hot mixture. Add the salt and pepper and cook for ten minutes longer, then strain, and serve very hot.

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